

No lesse beloued of vs, then when
Thou wert Protector ouer my land.

exit Gloster.

Queene Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,
Where should it be but in King Henries hand?

Yorke Please it your maiestie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating,
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are ready when your grace doth please.

King Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other doore, his man with a drum and sand-bag, and Prentises drinking to him.

1 *Neighbor* Here neighbor Horner, I drinke to you in a cup
And feare not neighbor, you shall do well enough. *(offstage)*

2 *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.

3 *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbour
drinke and be mery, and feare not your man.

Armourer Let it come, yfaith Ile pledge you all,
And a fig for Peter.

1 *Prentise* Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.

2 *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret wine for thee.

3 *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be mery Peter,
And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the prentises.

Peter I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all my mony that I haue.

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale
with my master, he hath leard so much fence already.

Salsb. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes:
Sirra, whats thy name?

Peter Peter forsooth.

Salsb. Peter, what more?

Peter. Thump.

Salsb.

houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Salsb. Thump, then see that thou thump thy master.

Arm. Here to thee neighbor, fil al the pots againe, for before we fight look you, I will tell you my mind, for I am come hither, as it were of mans instigation, to proue my selfe an honest man, & Peter a knaue, & so haue at you Peter, with down right blowes, as Beuis of Southampton fell vpon Askapart.

Peter Law you now, I told you hees in his fence already.

Alarme: and Peter hits him on the head and fels him

Arm. Hold Peter, I confesse, treason, treason. *he dies.*

Peter O God I giue thee praise. *he kneeles downe.*

Pren. Ho well done Peter: God saue the King.

King Go take hence that triator from our sight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iustice hath reueald to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully:
Come fellow follow vs for thy reward. *exunt omnes.*

Enter Duke Humphrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Humph. Sirra, what's a clocke?

Seruing. Almost ten my Lord.

Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheelles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame Elnor Cobham barefoote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses writen on her back and pind on, and accompanied with the Shiriffes of London, and sir Iohn Standly, and officers, with billes and holbards.

Seruing. My gracious Lord, see where my lady comes,
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Shiriffes?

D 2

Hum.